

home's where your mouth is by krelboyne

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Blow Jobs, Dirty Talk, Established Relationship, Fluff and Smut, M/M, Pet Names, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Porn with Feelings, Post-Season/Series 03, Power Play, Shameless Smut, Smut

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-05-08

Updated: 2021-05-08

Packaged: 2022-04-01 00:54:41

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,439

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

“This is what you want, isn’t it, Steve? This is what you need after a long, hard day at work?” He snickers, because it’s such a cliché and he knows it, but he knows that Steve *loves* it. Snickers, too, because it’s debatable whether sitting behind a desk all day is actually *hard* work, as opposed to just boring, mind-numbing work, but that argument doesn’t matter *here*.

Steve nods and looks fucking out of it. Looks like he’d nod his head to just about anything Billy asks him right now.

home's where your mouth is

The phone rings on cue. 5pm.

Billy lifts it off the hook and, knowing exactly who's on the line, he says, 'Coming home?'

'You bet.' Steve's smirking; Billy can hear it in his voice. In just those two words. He knows the breathy arrogance of that tone; knows exactly what Steve's face looks like as his mouth forms the words.

'See you later then.' Billy kills the call, and the phone is set back into the cradle with a dull *clunk*.

Billy's stripping out of his clothes even as he walks up the stairs. Probably not the most sensible of ideas, tugging a leg out of his jeans and narrowly avoiding a fall, but.

This is *their* house, and Billy's still revelling in the absolute, unadulterated *freedom* that is living with Steve Harrington - alone. Just the two of them. Is still making the most of this new-found thing that had once seemed so fucking out of reach. But they *are* alone and, apart from Billy, the house is empty, so. Billy can walk around half-naked, if he chooses. He's exercising his billpayer rights. Even if, technically, Steve's the one currently handling all of that financial shit. It's *still* Billy's home, just as much as Steve's, and Steve's always the one to reassure him of that.

Billy's naked by the time he gets to their bedroom; items of clothing discarded along the way. Almost like a trail of breadcrumbs for Steve to follow, even though Steve knows where the trail will always lead. Always knows the final destination.

He gets on the bed.

Fixes himself up on his hands and knees.

Because this is what they do.

Because they can, and.

Because they're into shit like this. Shit like Billy, waiting on the bed, open-mouthed, for Steve's return. Waiting, just so Steve can slip in; can get a real *welcome home* from Billy.

It happens most weekday evenings. Billy gets a call. 5pm, right on time. Steve giving the heads-up. No unexpected meetings, nothing to keep him behind. He's coming home.

Billy waits. Tells Steve, too, that this is what he does. None of that watching from the window, and stripping fast as lightning when he sees Steve pull into the drive. Billy strips as soon as he gets the call. Strips, and waits. Because he likes the build up. Likes not quite knowing when Steve will show up. Maybe a colleague will need a quick word with Steve before he leaves; might keep Billy waiting another ten minutes. Maybe the traffic will be particularly hectic, or maybe the drive home will be fast and smooth-sailing.

The point is, Billy never knows for sure. He can only ever guess, but, tucked away upstairs in their bedroom with the door closed and the driveway on the other side of the house, Billy only knows that Steve's home when he hears the key in the lock. Sometimes, he doesn't even hear *that*. If Steve's particularly quiet, or if he's just not paying enough attention to hear a sound so small and muffled.

Sometimes it's the padding of feet on the stairs.

Like now.

Billy's been waiting fifteen minutes, maybe. Isn't even sure. His thighs are trembling from holding the awkward position, but Billy's strong and he's determined and there's no way he's breaking until Steve gets home. No way. His cock's already slick, beading at the tip, and drool dampens the corners of his mouth.

Steve's approaching. Billy opens his mouth wider.

'Baby.' That's Steve's greeting, as soon as he swings the door open, already knowing where he'll find Billy, and what state he'll find him in. 'I'm home. Happy to see me?'

He knows that Billy can't - won't - answer, but. He asks shit like that, anyway. Probably just to rub it in or something. Just to take the piss out of Billy while he takes his time popping the top button of his shirt. Takes his time fiddling with the knot in his tie, before he tugs it from beneath the trap of his collar. One smooth swipe that's mildly impressive.

'Really?' Steve pretends that Billy's provided some sort of answer. The asshole. 'I've missed you too.' He sure has, judging from the hard line of his cock beneath his work trousers. Big, and more impressive than the easy-fast-smooth removal of his tie.

Billy watches; his eyes doing all of the talking and, right now, they're pointed up to the ceiling in the most dramatic eye roll he can muster. Something zealous enough that Steve might deduce from it: *shut the fuck up and feed me your cock already.*

Steve laughs, so it must do the trick.

'Impatient, baby?' Steve asks, and. Billy really just wants to say, *obviously, Einstein*, because hasn't he been waiting since Steve's phone call? Hasn't he been waiting since before then? But Steve *enjoys* tormenting him, quite clearly, and Billy knows the teasing isn't even close to being over.

Steve's still talking. Still asking questions that Billy can't answer, but that he already knows the answer to. It's win-win for Steve. 'Been waiting all this time for me?' He's out of his shirt now but, frustratingly enough, still in his fucking pants. Whatever, though - Steve's near the bed now, knees bumping the mattress, and he's closer. Standing right in front of Billy; in front of his open mouth. 'I bet you have. I bet you're ready for this. You look ready.' Just to prove his point, Steve dips his head, says, 'Baby, you're *leaking*. You're that excited, huh? We haven't even started yet.'

Billy would flip him off, but. He doesn't want to risk losing his balance, should he lift one hand off the mattress now. His muscles are already sore - not quite *weak*, but also not far from. Biceps trembling, like his legs.

'Guess I should give you what you've been waiting for,' Steve says,

almost *resigned*. As though it's some *chore* to get his dick wet. 'What do you think, baby? Should I give you my cock now?'

Billy nods. He's impatient, can't bite out any sharp words, so. He just nods, plays obedient. It's fine, because his cock jerks, because he *likes* that. Likes how Steve teases when he's nowhere near equipped enough to put up a fight.

Steve's hands are fiddling with his belt buckle. 'Yeah? Alright. Since you've been waiting for me. So good for me, Billy. Aren't you? So good.' The belt comes off just as easily as the tie had, and hits the floor just as quickly.

Billy's hands and knees are still pressing into the mattress, and Steve's even closer now. Standing right in front of him. Billy stares straight ahead, and. All he can see is Steve filling out the front of his pants. Watches as his fingers tug at the zip. Billy groans; some impatient noise that's almost a fucking *whine*, but. He has no control over that. With his mouth open like this, any sound that comes out of his throat will be pathetic.

Steve just laughs. 'Don't worry. It's coming.'

He finally, *finally*, slips his pants down. They don't quite fall down past his knees, but it doesn't matter. So long as they're *out of the way*, so Steve can then work on shifting his boxers down - just enough. Enough that his cock can free itself; can spring out of the restraining material and bob, shamelessly, in front of Billy's face.

His tongue twitches in his mouth at the sight of it. Knows how Steve tastes and wants, wants so badly, to wrap his mouth around him already. It's automatic, out of his control, when Billy closes his mouth just to swallow down the saliva that's collected on his tongue, but. Steve catches that faltering second, because of course he does. He says, 'No, no. Don't close your mouth. Want it open and ready for me, baby.'

Billy resets himself. Opens his mouth again, and it's better now - a little more comfortable. Still wet and warm inside for Steve, but, not enough spit in his mouth to potentially slip down his throat and choke him.

‘Okay, good.’ Steve’s stroking himself, like he hasn’t a care in the world. Like Billy isn’t trembling in front of him. Arms and legs sore, mouth all impatient and needy. ‘Gonna let you have it, Bills.’

There’s no space between them now. Steve’s holding his cock in one hand, fingers wrapped around the base, and the head is *just* grazing Billy’s lower lip. Some vague, feather-light pressure that reminds Billy just how close he is to getting it, but still not enough to be much of anything.

‘Ready,’ Steve says, like he’s building to something and, once Billy realises where this is going, he rolls his eyes again, but. It’s hard to be *that* pissed off when Steve’s cock is smearing pre across his bottom lip. ‘Steady,’ Steve continues and Billy thinks, *hurry up, you prick*.

There’s a pause. Completely expected, in retrospect. Steve’s being more of an asshole than usual today, so it doesn’t come as much of a surprise. Saying that, it doesn’t mean Billy’s any less disgruntled by it. Still, Billy’s waiting. Waiting. Listening intently. Waiting for Steve’s next word. Waiting to be given the green fucking light.

‘Go.’

Billy swallows Steve’s cock. It’s enthusiastic; it’s sloppy, messy. But he’s been *waiting*, and he wants to prove that to Steve. Wants to show him just how wet and welcoming his mouth is. How well he’s prepared it for him. How happy Billy is just to *taste* him. Just to have him home.

‘Fuck.’ The word is a gasp when it comes out of Steve’s mouth. ‘Easy,’ he tells Billy, but he doesn’t fucking mean it, not really, because his fingers are already in his hair; isn’t trying to slow Billy down or steady him, but guiding him. Keeping him going, nice and fast, like it’s the old days, when they’d had to rush. Like they’re not completely alone, unrestricted by time.

But this is how they like it sometimes. Especially when Steve’s been at work since 8am, and Billy hasn’t heard from him all day. It’s always this, initially: the big rush. Later, after dinner, or even directly after the rush, things slow down. Right down. They pace themselves, savour one another, but. Billy might be rushing, might be sucking on

Steve like they have sixty seconds before the world implodes, but he's still *savouring* every second of it. Every second, every inch, of Steve. He tastes good, *smells* good. Clean but, a little musky and warm from being tucked into pants all day. It's perfect. It's *Steve*. Everything that Billy knows, through and through. Everything he's had for several years now. Since Hawkins and rough hands stealing as much as they can in as little time as possible, until now, *here*, out of Hawkins and time being all theirs. Time at their fingertips, to make the most of or to waste, whenever and however they please.

'Christ, Billy,' Steve's breathless and it's encouraging. 'Missed me that much?'

Billy tries to nod around Steve's cock, isn't completely successful, but Steve probably gets the message anyway.

'Missed you, baby. Missed this mouth.' Steve's fingers are curling in Billy's hair, grip tight. 'Look at you. Fuck. Taking it all for me.' Because Billy's good at that. Thinks that it still impresses Steve, the way he can relax his throat and take him down. Steady, steady, until his cock disappears. He's had enough practice, now; is well-accustomed to Steve Harrington's pretty dick. Knows its shape, its size. Knows how to angle himself to take Steve down his throat.

Billy gags.

He might be able to swallow Steve right down, but. Even Billy can't quite help the way his throat constricts sometimes. The way his eyes water and spill, and Steve's fingers loosen in his hair now, turn soft. Start to stroke him, pet him. 'Slow down, Billy,' he murmurs, and sounds like he means it this time. 'Slow it down.'

Billy does. He draws back until Steve's cock reappears in front of him, slick and shiny with saliva and Steve's own mess. He pulls back, pulls off with a *pop* that seems obscenely loud, but, the room is quiet and all of their sounds are loud, and. There's no reason, anymore, to try to keep the noise down. That's the beauty of living alone. There's nobody waiting around the corner to catch them out.

He catches his breath and Steve doesn't object. He just watches, instead, fingers still shifting through curls. Billy's mouth feels

bruised, but it's a good feeling, mostly. It means that Steve's home.

'You okay?' Steve asks, his free fingers tucking themselves beneath Billy's chin, just so he can tip his face up. Just so Billy can meet his eyes.

Billy nods, first. Doesn't really have the energy to process what to say, let alone actually *form* the words with his tongue, and he sounds a little clumsy, a little drowsy and dumb, when he finally says, 'Never better, sweetheart.' His throat burns, voice all raspy, but he still offers Steve a grin. Something wicked, and something sort of trademark.

Steve smiles back and, after a second of quiet, of Billy gulping down air, he lets his hand drift away from beneath Billy's chin. Grasps his cock instead and then guides it to Billy's mouth. Nudges his bottom lip with it, before grazing it across the swollen pout. Side-to-side, over and over. Just watching, like he can't force himself to look away, and then he's telling Billy, 'You're beautiful. Fuck, so hot.'

'Yeah?' Billy prompts, mouth dragging against Steve's sensitive skin while he speaks. 'Think I look good with your cock in my mouth? Think I look good waiting for you like this?'

'Shit, yeah.'

Billy can't quite help himself once he gets started; spewing dirty talk like his mouth is made for it. It is, he supposes. And it's probably good, really, that Steve's cock is big enough to keep his mouth occupied, sometimes. Big enough to keep Billy from speaking, because Billy never quite knows when to stop, but. Steve isn't stopping him now. Not yet. 'This is what you want, isn't it, Steve? This is what you need after a long, hard day at work?' He snickers, because it's such a cliché and he knows it, but he knows that Steve *loves* it. Snickers, too, because it's debatable whether sitting behind a desk all day is actually *hard* work, as opposed to just boring, mind-numbing work, but that argument doesn't matter *here*.

Steve nods and looks fucking out of it. Looks like he'd nod his head to just about anything Billy asks him right now.

Pride swells in Billy's chest. Proud of making his boyfriend stupid and dizzy, because he's allowed to be pleased by that. Allowed to enjoy the effect his words, his mouth, has on Steve Harrington. 'Yeah,' he continues, words slowing to a drawl when he says, 'This is where I should be, isn't it? On my knees like this. Just fucking waiting for you. Waiting for your cock.' Steve nods again and Billy laughs, can't help it, because the tables have turned and Steve's the one, apparently, who's having trouble finding words now. 'This is where I've been since your call. You know that, right? I don't lie to you, sweetheart. Been here the whole time.'

Steve's cock jerks, despite the hold he has on it. 'Jesus,' he mutters, staring down at Billy like he's some brand new thing, unexpectedly discovered. Staring, like he has no intention of sharing Billy with the world. Wants to keep him for himself.

Suits Billy just fine.

'I've been waiting,' Billy repeats, pausing, just to stick his tongue out; just to lap, briefly, at the mess that's leaking from Steve. 'And now I want it. Want it so badly, Stevie.'

It's all Steve needs to hear before he's pushing back into Billy's mouth, silently telling him to shut up, or. Maybe not. Maybe just giving Billy what he wants. What he's been patiently waiting for. 'You want it, baby,' Steve groans around his words, unable to hold back, 'You can have it. Why don't you touch yourself, Billy? Think you deserve it. Been so good for me.'

It's not a bad idea, Billy thinks, and he doesn't hesitate. His cock is hard, pressing into his stomach; is in desperate need of some fucking attention, so Billy closes a fist around it and starts to jerk himself, too fast, too hard, but just what he needs. He's always liked this, has always finished quickly when his mouth is full of Steve, and he's already feeling close. Has been waiting long enough, stiff and craving any kind of touch or friction. He knows that he's going to come first. Steve does, too.

'That's it, Billy,' he encourages, his palm at the back of his head, solid and firm and guiding the motion of Billy's back-and-forth bobbing, 'Make yourself come for me, baby. Suck my cock and come for me.'

Listening to the filth out of Steve's mouth is the icing on the cake, the cherry on top. Just the thing to push Billy over the edge when Steve's saying, 'Just what I needed, Billy. Just what I want from you when I come home. So fucking good waiting for me on our bed like that. So proud of you, baby. Want you to come. Like having your mouth full, don't you?'

Billy comes and, when he does, he stalls where his mouth is still around Steve. Chokes on some groan that can't quite make it out of his throat. Feels himself spill over his own fist, hot and thick and sticky. Can hear, somewhere in the background, like he might be in another room, Steve murmuring praise. 'Good, Billy. That's it. Just what I asked for.'

Body shuddering and off-balance, Billy gets back to work on Steve's cock. His own is still throbbing, is utterly fucking spent, and his messy hand is pressed back into the mattress, just to keep himself upright. He's weak, honestly ready to collapse, but. Steve's close, and he knows it. Knows Steve well enough to know the signs. The way his fingers are restless in Billy's hair, the way his words and his moans suddenly just *stop*, everything abruptly silent apart from the lewd slurping sounds of Billy's slick mouth.

He sucks, fast, just how Steve likes it, and doesn't stop, even when Steve's coming; shooting, without any warning, onto his tongue and down the back of his throat. Both of Steve's hands are in Billy's hair now, fingers curling, tight, as though that grip is the only thing keeping Steve on his feet. It stings, a bit - a sharp, red-hot jolt across his scalp, but. It's fucking worth it. Worth it, to hear Steve suddenly find his voice again.

To hear his name, hoarse and hurried, out of Steve's throat. 'Fuck, Billy. Don't stop yet.' And, if Billy had a free mouth, he'd tell Steve, *not to worry, baby, wasn't planning on it*, because he knows just how to see Steve through his orgasm. Knows he likes the *too much* sensation of Billy sucking him down, draining him, even though his body is telling him to pull *out* of the heat of Billy's mouth. Is telling him *enough*.

Billy doesn't stop. Not until he knows that there's nothing left to get from Steve. Not until Steve's the one who's drawing back with a long,

loud groan. Sounds a little pained, a little exasperated. ‘Shit. God. Billy.’

Steve doesn’t last another three seconds before he’s crashing down onto the mattress, and Billy’s soon to follow, his body finally giving up on him. Thighs trembling, arms shaking. Face wet with his own saliva and still swallowing down come.

Seconds pass before Steve’s asking, ‘Swallowed it all?’ Sounds breathless, out of it.

Billy shifts, as best as he can. Tries to move closer to Steve and gets close enough to connect their hands, to lace their fingers. ‘What do you think?’ he shoots back, ‘Only been waiting all day for it, Stevie.’

Steve huffs a laugh. Something short and quiet. Something that warms Billy right up. His thumb glides and ghosts across Billy’s knuckles, and. There’s a moment of silence, where they’re both just drinking oxygen and coming down.

Steve’s the first to break the quiet. He turns his head to look at Billy. Smiles. Something nearly sweet; a sort of bold contrast to the smirk Billy had been greeted with. He gives his hand a squeeze. Says, ‘Good to be home.’